

THE GLEANER

E. W. L. '29



Founder's Day—June 5, 1927

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To the Memory
of our
Beloved Founder
Joseph Krauskopf
We Dedicate
This Issue

THE NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL

Founded by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf in 1896 at
FARM SCHOOL, PA.



Prepares for practical, profitable farming in all its branches including:

Farm Management
Dairying
Poultry
Farm Machinery
Creamery

Fruit Growing
Vegetable Gardening
Landscape Gardening
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Floriculture

Its graduates are succeeding in every State in the Union and some of them are leaders in their line of work.

The thirty-second term begins March 1, 1928.

For ambitious, healthy, agriculture-loving boys between 16 and 21 years, a few scholarships remain to be allotted including free board and tuition.

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Farm School, Pa.

Please send me full particulars of the free scholarships to
be allotted in The National Farm School.

I am.....years old.

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The Gleaner

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Joseph Krauskopf

The Man

HERBERT D. ALLMAN

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF typifies all that is best and finest in human nature. His life's story is an epic in its unfolding. His achievements portray forcefully his life, his services and his character.

Joseph Krauskopf was born on January 21, 1858, in Ostrowo, Prussia. His father was a woodsman, and young Joseph spent much time with him in the forests of his native province. In that open-air life he developed that love of nature, which was an outstanding characteristic. There, too, he laid up that store of physical energy and endurance, which made it possible for him to work so hard, to create so much and to achieve so greatly. In 1872, at the age of fourteen, he came to America and began his career as a clerk in a tea merchant's establishment in Fall River, Mass. It was in this New England town that certain Christian customers recognized in the lad a boy of great mental capacity. Through their interest, he entered the first class of the Hebrew Union College, taking his theological course, while at the same time attending the University of Cincinnati. In 1883 he was graduated from these institutions and accepted a call from Buai Jehudah Congregation, Kansas City, Mo. His work there soon attracted national attention, and in 1887 he received and accepted a call to Keneseth Israel, Philadelphia, one of the largest Jewish Congregations in the country, which position he held until his death. He was not only a leader in his own pulpit, but ranked among the ablest clergymen and public speakers of the entire country. His work and influence were far-reaching and all-embracing. He was active in civic and national movements for the betterment of all peoples and conditions. He was the author of works on many subjects. His sermons and views on international questions were read by Jews and non-Jews alike in all parts of the world, and his opinions were solicited.

Perhaps the crowning work of this Rabbi and public-spirited citizen is *The National Farm School*, which he founded in 1896. To that cause, giving American youth, irrespective of creed, a knowledge of the chemistry of the soil and the possibility of its productiveness, he devoted himself heart and soul. Great men of the nation aided him, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the work grow and prosper to splendid proportions. It stands today as a monument to his vision and zeal.

Joseph Krauskopf—*The Man*—is one we might well emulate in that determination, that purposefulness, that high integrity and probity, which lead him, though the difficulties might be innumerable, and the obstacles seemingly insurmountable, to attain that which he set out to accomplish.

The Humanitarian

DR. WILLIAM H. FINESHIRIBER

IN A SENSE all clergymen are humanitarians, dealing, as they do, with the spiritual foundations of human life. Nothing human must necessarily be alien to them. But there are gradations in talents and achievements among clergymen. Some hold narrowly to their appointed paths; others conceive of their duties in a larger sense.

Dr. Krauskopf was one of the latter. He was not bounded by the confines of his congregation, nor by the geographical area of his city. His sympathy went out to the whole world, and neither color, creed nor condition were barriers to him. He heard of a man in Russia who seemed to speak an authoritative word in the domain of the spiritual, and out to Russia he went to learn from him. As a result, Dr. Krauskopf became convinced that Tolstoi's doctrine of salvation by labor on the soil had merit. When he returned, the fruitage of that interview became The National Farm School.

That movement bespoke the humanitarian. It is an attempt, not only to turn the tide of Jewish life from the cities to the land, but to create an agency whereby the beauty and dignity and necessity of labor on the farm might be effectively taught to all the youth of the nation.

That was the outstanding humanitarian effort of his life, but doubtlessly every day saw some manifestation of his spirit. For he was one of those who saw life from the mountain tops, where the differences between us cannot be distinguished. He saw only Humanity, suffering, ahungered and athirst. To that Humanity, he gave his life.

The Inspiration

CARL P. GREEN

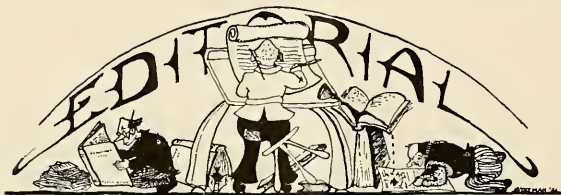
“THEY will sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid.”—Micah IV, 4.

The present condition in agriculture is discouraging, to say the least. Yet despite the prevailing depression, there are a surprisingly large number of young people studying agriculture. It is strange that we at Farm School should not seriously question the wisdom of our vocational choice. Yet, we do not question, not that we do not comprehend the grave agricultural situation. It is because of our faith: Faith in the foresight of our Founder, and faith in our school.

Thirty-five years ago Dr. Krauskopf was inspired. In a few years his inspiration became tangible. What followed is now generally known to all.

Dr. Krauskopf departed from our midst during the great after-war agricultural depression. Yet his faith in agriculture did not falter. As he saw a great school in the embryo, so did he see future prosperity for agriculture in a time of hopeless depression.

Should we not, therefore, have faith in the future? Does not the name Joseph Krauskopf stand as a guarantee; shall not his foresight be our foresight, shall not “every man sit under his vine and under his fig tree and none shall make them afraid”?



CARL P. GREEN

Editor-in-Chief

As I See It

THIS year Founder's Day shall have a special significance for on this day our Director, Mr. Goodling will make his public appearance to the vast number of persons interested in our school. It is most fitting that Mr. Goodling's formal inauguration should take place at this time for it is on this day that we gather to pay homage to our Founder. What greater respect can we show to his memory than an assurance of our intent to fulfill his purpose.

A new era dawns on Farm School with the coming of Mr. Goodling. By his past achievement and present movements, we know him to be the proper man to execute Dr. Krauskopf's idea; to make Farm School a most adequate school of scientific and practical agriculture.

* * * * *

A member of the GLEANER staff has been recently observing the suicide wave in our American Universities. On investigating he observed that not one case of student suicide was committed in an agricultural college. This may be easily explained.

Noted psychologists have attributed this recent epidemic to the fact that the courses pursued have been so morbid and gruesome as to affect fatally the minds of those students taking them.

In the study of scientific agriculture there is no subject which may be classed as morbid. All is concerned with nature and its development. It is, therefore, hardly feasible that students concerned in the most unselfish of all industries should be permitted to become morbid.

Young men and women studying agriculture are privileged to observe the great and beautiful at work in nature and in so doing their minds are kept free of dissatisfaction and depression, and a satisfied mind will surely not balk at life.

* * * * *

It is needless to say class distinction is a necessary factor at Farm School, for without it we could not progress as we do. Yet class distinction does not necessarily imply hazing, as so many have interpreted it.

It is only natural that the abolition of an old system should be

met with opposition in its beginning. Those who are brought to realize the advantage of such an eliminating process can readily cite the good it has accomplished.

In the old days it was felt that, in order to accomplish field work, Freshmen must necessarily be subjected to paddling. At present our acreage is increased, farm machinery is more in use, and responsibility is far greater, yet the paddle is fast becoming an Alumni myth, and the work is being executed with greater efficiency.

Those who continue to haze, justifying their actions with a plea of class distinction, we would suggest careful consideration of the above-stated situation. Intelligent dealing with Freshmen is far more effective than rowdiness. Conducting oneself with dignity, rather than with tyranny, will enlist lasting co-operation to the mutual satisfaction of both parties. To be respected is far better than to be feared.

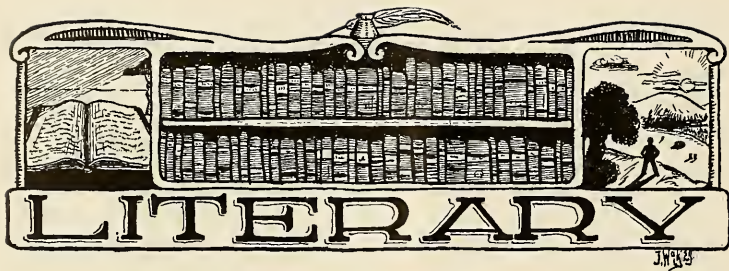
* * * * *

"Keep off the grass" at present rivals "I hope you don't feel hurt" as a laugh-getter in Farm School.

Although the entire student body is anxious to have a beautiful Campus there are very few who aid in maintaining its beauty. Students are observed daily crossing the lawns, littering the lawns with debris, and, in general, violating the most fundamental rules of respect to public property.

The Landscape Department, instead of devoting their time to development, must needs devote their time to repair. Before the Campus can be enlarged it must first be improved; yet it is a hard matter to rebuild that which is more rapidly destroyed. If we are to take pride in our Campus, we must do our utmost to make it a source of praise.





HERMAN B. TRICHON, '29

Upon the Death of A Brother

VICTOR

*I wended my way home in silence
With sorrowed and much saddened mind
For I thought of my dear brother Joseph
Whom no earthly power could find.
Then I thought of my dear old mother
Of the sorrow that she had to bear;
For I knew that no love could ever
With the love of a mother compare.
And soon I approached the dark graveyard
Where my brother Joseph was laid.
It seemed as if some Divine power
Inspired, I knelt down and prayed.
As I prayed, I saw there a vision:
My brother with radiant face.
He seemed, oh, so happy in Heaven.
I wished I had died in his place.
So I felt that God had done justice,
Though he had taken my brother away
My mind was consoled with the thought that
I would meet him in Heaven some day.*

Noctura

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

IT WAS a ghostly night. The moon cast its lurid beams upon the scene and each shadow created by the pale light, seemed as a cavernous emptiness into which one would hardly care to venture. Everything was still, except for the mournful howl of the wind as it passed occasionally on its funereal way towards the east through the trees, and the soft, silentappings of the waves against the sandy shore. Except for the rustling of the leaves and the gurglings of the waters nothing stirred. The air itself, in its fog-laden condition, seemed to reek with mystery, cooling the skin to that clammy condition so noticeable in corpses.

All this and more could the huddled figure on the beach notice. With his senses benumbed with fear at the surroundings, at the silence, at the very atmosphere, he felt he could scarce move a muscle, dreading even to look behind him.

The unnameable haunted him so that as many times as he convinced himself that some driftwood on the beach was no more than a bit of flotsam and jetsam of the sea, so many times did he start involuntarily at the thought of crouching men. He wondered whether it would ever end. Would not that unflinching, relentless conscience, ever keep still within him? Could he ever banish those glaring unblinking eyes of the man whose

spectre loomed up before him accusingly?

It was nearing midnight when, from the distance, came the unmistakable hoofbeats of a horse. His heart skipped a beat as he crouched low. He knew the end was near. He bitterly wondered why he had not guarded against pursuit. Yet—nearer and nearer came the sounds. Now and then he discerned between the beats of both his heart and the approaching animal, a weird groaning and creaking. The man shook himself and moaned wretchedly for a while, and at last he seemed to have secured the courage and calm he had sought, for he rose composedly upon his knees and prayed. The noises approached still nearer until he knew that only a few feet separated him from its source. Then it stopped and as he rose with that unflinching bravado of the cornered murderer, he saw before him the silhouette of a chaise and horse. Then—the driver leaped out,—something glittered in the moonlight,—a shot boomed far into the night rending the awful stillness, the fluttering birds returned to their disturbed slumber,—and the moon still shone upon the scene.

The newcomer stood glaring down upon the gory head of his victim. He felt no shudder, no repulsion. The night held no terrors for him. Suddenly a mad fury seemed to possess him and stamping one foot upon the dead man's chest he sent one nerve-rending appeal to the unsympathetic moon.



The Wind

VICTOR

*Gustily over the hills
Doth the wind go by,
Singing old songs that we loved
Under the sky;
Spindrift, veiling the stars,
Trembles like mist
On the face of the fading rose
That the frost has kissed.*

*Night on a hundred hills,
The sheep in the fold,
And the boats all in, and the lights
Burnt amber and gold
Where the village slopes to the downs,
And the downs to the sea;
And the surge and thrill of the wind
In the heart of me.*

*Shaken, the lamp's flame bends
Where the gale whirls in;
The chimney's throat is a sigh
And the soot blows thin;
The dog on the hearth rug whines
With a note of doubt;
In hollow and haunted wood
Are the witch fires out.*

*Wild is the voice of the wind
In the night abroad,
Laughing across the hill
And down the road,
Stirring the autumn grass
Where the dark leaves fall
Over the ancient graves
By the churchyard wall.*

*Rippling the sullen face
Of the long lagoon,
Till the shadows break and flee;
And the ghost of a moon
Steals up at the midnight hour
From the world's dark rim
And the song of the wind swells high
Like a pagan din.*

*Endlessly, all through the night
Does the wind go by,
Singing old songs that we loved
Under the sky;
Over the haunted wood
And the long dim shore,
Endlessly calling your name
Who will come no more.*

A PARADOX

W. V. G.

*A flower's scent, a flash of light,
The fullness of beauty on the sight
Some sun-bright day;
A strain of music on the ear,
Distilled sweet sound, too sweet to bear
Of birds' note gay.
A moment just, an echo's ring,
The beating of a sea-birds' wing
Earth is forgot;
As quickly gone, eternal yet,
As lasting as nights' star-made net
Where time is not.*

The Lost Battalion

HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

THE morning sun shone down upon a lonely little road, hemmed in by tall poplars and oaks. Everywhere the birds chirped their songs of peace and happiness.

At the end of the entwining road, amidst many shrubs and flowers, stood a lonely little house made of wood and stucco. A red brick chimney was on one side and from it curled a thin column of smoke.

Although outside everything was so happy and cheerful, within the house there was gloom and despair. Near an old-time fireplace loaded with oak wood, sat an elderly woman in a soft rocking chair, sobbing softly to herself. In her hands she held a Bible which she was trying to read in her apparent loneliness.

Again and again she glanced up at the sill of the fireplace where hung a service flag with one star in the center, and each time she dropped her head, sobbing once more.

About noon time, a girl who lived in a nearby house entered the room quickly. In a flurry of excitement she went to the old woman, who was still sobbing, and with much anxiety asked, "Is there any news from Jack yet?" At this the woman picked up a somewhat creased piece of yellow paper and handed it to the girl. It was a telegram which read:—

"Your son, Jack, in Lost Battalion. Trying to locate them."

The girl stood there as if dazed. The paper dropped from her hand. Everything seemed black and dreary.

"It's all right," she cried, and with a forced smile, "they'll find them yet; he'll come back again."

Somewhere in France, in a large shell hole full of mud and slime, surrounded by decayed and shell shot trees, a detachment of twenty men lay like dogs, all torn and bleeding, some with dirty rags tied around their heads and arms, and all suffering from thirst.

They had been hemmed in on all sides by the enemy, when their detachment had advanced ahead of the army. Here, they lay for a whole week, being shot at and shelled by the enemy from all sides.

At the dawn of the eighth day, driven mad by the thundering of guns, by the want of water which their swollen tongues and throats craved, and by the beastly stench of that rotten hole and dead comrades, the eleven remaining men decided upon a plan.

Private Jack Westman, a tall, dark complexioned man, with torn suit and bleeding body, got up in the center of the shell hole and called upon his comrades to listen to him.

"Listen fellows," he said, "we have been here almost eight days. Nine of us are dead, and the rest almost gone. Are we going to give in to them Huns and die here in this dirty, rotten hole, without putting up our arms? Pals, there is but one thing to do. We still have some ammunition and a few arms left."

Nobody stirred. Everything was quiet. Every one knew what was coming—what Jack's plan was.

"And that one thing, that only chance in a hundred, is to make a break. Our camp is but seven miles distant. Boys, we are doomed here, and as for me, I'd rather die in action. If we don't break through, God help us then."

He looked about when he had finished to see how the other had taken it. Everyone stared open-eyed into the unknown. All about them loud booms were heard. Occasionally a tree was seen to topple down. In the hole, an occasional grunt and sigh was heard from the half-starved, thirsty men.

"I'm with you" cried McKay, a long, wiry fellow who had a bandage tied across his head, smeared with blood.

One after the other they agreed to stick together, until all eleven men were lying in the hole discussing the escape.

It was about 10:30 P. M. The booming had ceased for a while. Everything was pitch dark. Eleven half-mad men swiftly but quietly stole out of the hole, and in single file ran into the thick forest nearby. As the loud bangs of exploding powder resumed, they fell down on their stomachs and crawled along through mud, brooks, over barbed wire and shrapnel. Of a sudden, a beam of light pierced the darkness, then an explosion, and darkness once more. Now there were four men trying to escape. They had entered another thick forest, and the sound of firing seemed nearer. But the four men kept steadily, doggedly on. In the darkness it seemed as if giant pines were on all sides. In the distance a mighty tree fell, shot down by some shell. Then another and another, but all four men advanced.

Jack was in the lead now, with McKay following. They were nearing the German-American lines. It was only this

point that had to be overcome. As they approached the barbed wire, a man was seen to dart across from one tree to another. The four men stopped, but as nothing was heard any more they slowly advanced.

Then a report was heard and following it many more shots pierced the forest darkness. All was quiet once more. On the ground where four had stood, now remained only Jack Westman, with an arm hanging limp. As he bent over the prostrate forms, he found two dead and McKay badly injured. With drawn automatic and the body of the unconscious man slung over his shoulder, he dragged on, hardly being able to breathe. The pain in his arm was unbearable, but he only had about a mile and a half to go. He must keep on.

Towards dawn of the next day, the form of a man was sighted five hundred yards from the American lines. On his back was another man, wounded and bleeding. At once reserves were sent out to bring them in. As the relief reached the tired soldiers, they fell in a heap, one on top of the other. When both were brought in, unconscious, they were recognized as privates of the Lost Battalion.

It was sometime after the year 1918, when the morning sun shone down upon the lonely road once more. This time, in the little house at the end of the road, there was happiness and the birds chirped their songs of freedom and happiness once more.



The Eve of Her Graduation

D. W. F., '28

THE sleeper stirred uneasily as somewhere below a muffled bell chimed forth the hour of awakening. A stray sunbeam searching in the dark corner of the room for something of beauty to glorify, was silently approaching the recumbent form of the sleeper and paused for a moment on the smiling face as if it had found its goal.

Again the sound of the bell echoed forth into the room, but as yet she made no effort to awaken. There were so many pleasant memories to dream about in that shadowy world that lies between sleeping and awakening. It was so nice just to lie there and dream into the future, that wonderful future which would open up for her in six more days. With a sudden start she sat up. Gracious! it must be ages since the rising bell had rung.

Beatrice Lewer was just twenty, a slim, dark-eyed girl with curly black hair which she had never consented to have bobbed.

It wasn't because she objected to bobbed hair, but for the very fractional reason that it looked so business-like in the busy wards of Brooklyn's largest hospital, where another week would see her with a diploma, and the hard-earned title of Registered Nurse after her name.

The thought of graduation did not cause her to lie there in drowsy introspection. She was thinking of the day after graduation when she was to be united in holy matrimony with the only man in the world for her. After this event she would say good-bye to nursing, a profession which she detested and which she had been persuaded to enter. It made her happy to think of getting away from all the

routine of a nurse: From its endless taking of temperatures, making and re-making beds, handling patients, catering to ill-tempered and ill-mannered people; in fact, everything which included the daily routine of a nurse. Joe, dear old Joe, would take her away from all this and install her in a nice little flat. She would have nothing to do but take care of herself, and all day in which to do it.

Joe was so thoughtful; only last night he had felt sentimental and insisted that they exchange keepsakes. Having nothing else, she had given him her identification tag with the number 89, her hospital number, on it. Joe had promised to wear it around his neck wherever he went.

* * *

"Pardon me, Doctor," the admittance nurse had just come in. "an accident case has just come in, an automobile wreck victim must be operated on immediately. He has a crushed spine." "All right, nurse, bring him in," replied the doctor, "but I hope he'll be the last."

A huddled figure on a stretcher was brought in and the surgeon began a hasty examination of his spine. "Poor fellow," he said, "he'll never walk again and I doubt whether he'll ever sit up." "I can save his life" (this to white-faced Beatrice) "but it would be better for his wife if I killed him as she would be tied to his bedside forever." "Well, we doctors have no choice; please prepare him, Miss Lewer. Easy now, turn him on his poor back. Why! nurse, what's wrong. —damn! the girl has fainted. Well, this sure has been a hard day."

He approached the unfortunate man and uttered a low exclamation. A hospital tag with the number "89" was tied around his neck.

Treasure Hunting

MARTIN GREEBERG, '28

HAS it ever been your pleasure to go seeking gems among Authors and Books? Ah, you have missed the thrill of the treasure trove if you passed by John Cournos and his works of art, *The Mask*, *The Wall* and *Babel*.

He discusses freely under a veil which is easily pierced, his life in Russia as a child, and, in America, his boyhood and manhood. How he opens our gates of memory by his reminiscence of his childhood days. How well we remember sitting around the supper table on Sabbath eve, listening to our elders telling of their trials, suffering in a land that was strange and new, a land where they were called, "Kikes, Sheenies," horrors of all horrors, the mimicking of our

venerable Rabbis by street corner gangs. Here Cournos grows bitter, probably due to his home conditions. As a child of eleven he is sent out upon the streets to earn his living, continuing to be the mainstay of the family till his 31st year.

We talk of our hardships, but read John Cournos' life and you will offer your blessing up to Him, who allows you to enjoy this bountiful world.

The books have passages marked off by our Founder; it would do us well to study them, to use them as Sign Posts in our lives. John Cournos is being hailed as a coming Zangwill, a Tolstoy. Will he live up to these prophecies? Time alone can tell; but in the meanwhile we can enjoy the gems from his treasure trove.

A Jewel

FRANK STONITSCH, '28

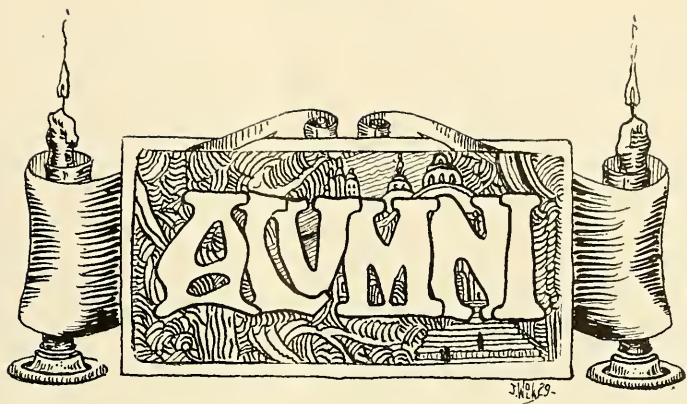
*Will you ever have a mother
Just like her?*

*Will you ever have another
Just like her?*

*The answer, it is easy.
Seek, but you'll not find another
Like the one you left behind.
Like dear mother.*

*Her days are dark and weary,
Her nights are lonesome, too;
She lives in anguish, waiting,
For one she loves; it's you.*

*Hasten to her rescue,
Come and make her gay,
Surely, God will bless you
And love will light your way.*



BEN GRAFFMAN, '28

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

General plans are in the process of making for the annual meeting of the Alumni, which will be held July 3rd and 4th. It is hoped that 300 men will participate.

At the meeting held in 1926 over a hundred were present and took part in the most wonderful and enthusiastic affair of its kind in the history of the Association.

A dance is scheduled for Saturday night in the gymnasium; on Sunday morning the annual baseball game between the Alumni and the Varsity will take place on the athletic field.

Our meeting in July will be patronized by men well known in official circles.

A sincere appeal for attendance will be made by letter to all Farm School Classes from '01 to '27.

The Alumni Association, under the leadership of its president, Mr. Work, has entered upon a successful progressive program of expansion and development. It is due to his ability and efforts that the annual meetings of 1925 and 1926 have been successful.

Every Farm School man is expected to perform his part in this coming affair. Let's make it a memorable occasion!

Yours for 100 per cent co-operation.

BEN GRAFFMAN, '28.

An important item in the Alumni Reunion this year will be the presence of Mr. Goodling, the new Director of the school. Mr. Goodling, better known at Penn State as "Pop", is anxious to meet the entire Alumni and unfold to them many of his plans for the future. He hopes to make Farm School an outstanding institution in the agriculture field, with a nation-wide reputation. He will solicit the assistance of the Alumni at the July meeting.

ALUMNI NEWS

A large number of the Alumni have visited the school recently to explore the ground and pay their respects to the new Director.

The Twenty-seven Class came in goodly numbers. "Baldy" Bachman spent a few days enroute to Baltimore. Now

that Congress has adjourned, Wilan and "Spuds" Rosenthal felt free to leave the Capitol. "Zex" Brandt dropped in between trans-continental trips. Aaron Posner has returned from Detroit to take up his duties as supervisor in a landscape contract under Mr. Fiesser. After the contract is completed Posner will remain on the estate as caretaker. Harry Semel, accompanied by his fiancée, attended the Senior May Hop. Archie, Cohen and Zolotor are close neighbors and come often. Joe Tuchman, following his operation for appendicitis, stayed at the school prior to leaving for Ithaca to accept a position with the New York State Game Commission.

"Lanky" Snyder, '26, famous as the adroit N. F. S. politician, received a rousing cheer in the dining-room on a recent visit. He is now located in the East. Incidentally he brought with him the regards of the Michigan N. F. S. Alumni: Hurowitz, '26; Klein, '26; Shevitz, '24; Brewer, '25; Wenger and Blumer, '22. Joe Kleinfeld, '26, is a frequent visitor to the campus. "Shorty" Kaplan, '26, now with Mr. Toor, came back with "Reds" Elfrey, '25, to tell us about "Hoss Mort." Wilson, '26, drove recently in a prosperous-looking car.

Cirotte, '22, returned to pay his respects to Mr. Goodling with whom he was acquainted at Penn State.

"Buddy" Aukburg, '22, a most welcome visitor, presents himself now and then.

To Mr. Cecil Toor, '16, who is a frequent visitor, we extend our heartiest congratulations upon his recent engagement.

With Morris Mayer, '17, Walter Groman, '20, S. B. Samuels and Mauri Skaist, '21, on the Faculty, and Mr. James Work, '13, on the Board, the Alumni are well represented at all times.

May 8th, 1927.

Editor of the GLEANER:

Due to my absence from the city I have just received your letter of April 21st requesting that I write you regarding the National Farm School and myself. That explains my delay in complying with your wish—a delay which I regret, as I cannot be too prompt in telling you, or any of Farm School's friends, just what I think the School has done for me, although I followed agriculture for only three years after my graduation. As Acting Chief and Assistant Chief Engineer of the United States Naval Air Station at Lakehurst I have many times made use of the lessons learned at the National Farm School.

First and foremost, the School gave me an opportunity, which I would have been unable to secure elsewhere, to develop my self-reliance and initiative. Whether one makes agriculture his life work, or is forced by circumstances beyond his control, to enter another field after he graduates, the subjects taught, the method of teaching them, and the co-ordination of mind and body brought about at the National Farm School stand the graduate in good stead and cannot fail to make him a more successful and better man in his after life. The National Farm School does not stop at merely academic and technical instruction, but stresses those fundamentals which really count—the proper development of character and the capabilities of the boy. I feel that whatever little success I may have attained is due in no small measure to the teaching of the National Farm School.

Words cannot express my feelings toward my Alma Mater—the biggest little school in the country.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES WORK, '13.

New York Chapter Notes.

Alumni Editor, THE GLEANER:

A meeting of the Ways and Means committee on March 13th was held for the purpose of drawing up a Constitution and set of by-laws, and also to vote upon the site and plans for the Alumni Athletic Field.

Letters were written to practically every Farm School Alumnus in the Metropolitan district urging attendance, with the result that on April 3rd, our regular meeting date, we had a gala attendance of over twenty-five alumni.

The most fruitful part of the meeting was that all who attended gave their word as to backing and forwarding the aims of Farm School and the Alumni Association. We want every student to feel that he has something to look forward to upon graduation in being part of the Alumni Association.

A prospective trip to Farm School was planned and the following week a small delegation traveled to our Alma Mater and were more than surprised in seeing the great advance Farm School has made in the last ten years.

The students may expect practically a 100 per cent attendance at School for the annual reunion day on July 4th. This meeting is the main topic of discussion, and we sincerely wish that everyone co-operates in making it a reunion never to be forgotten.

DAVID PLATT, '23, *Secretary*.

Editor's Note—The article by Mr. Work is the first of the series to be devoted to facts concerning "Farm School and what it has done for those who have graduated."

Although Mr. Work is not actively engaged in Agriculture, he is one of the most active members of the Farm School Board, and a frequent visitor. He is a popular speaker at Farm School functions. Above all, he is one of the "boys".

REVISED ADDRESS LIST OF '26

EVERETT WILSON

Corresponding Secretary '26 Class, N. F. S.

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Bronx, N. Y.

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A. T. COHEN, 200 Medford Avenue,
Pachogue, L. I.

MORRIS DAVIS, 485 Alabama Ave.,
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ISRAEL FISHSTEIN, 1028 Wyoming Ave.,
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EDWARD GORDON, 222 Alexander Ave.,
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EDWARD HARDIMAN, 2456 Orkney St.,
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PHILIP LEVINSON, 2 Park St., Albany,
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HAROLD PESKIN, Box 106, Jericho, L. I.

MAX REGAL, 43 Washington St., Glovers-
ville, N. Y.

THEO. RUBIN, c-o F. Brooks, Over View
Fruit farms, Athens, N. Y.

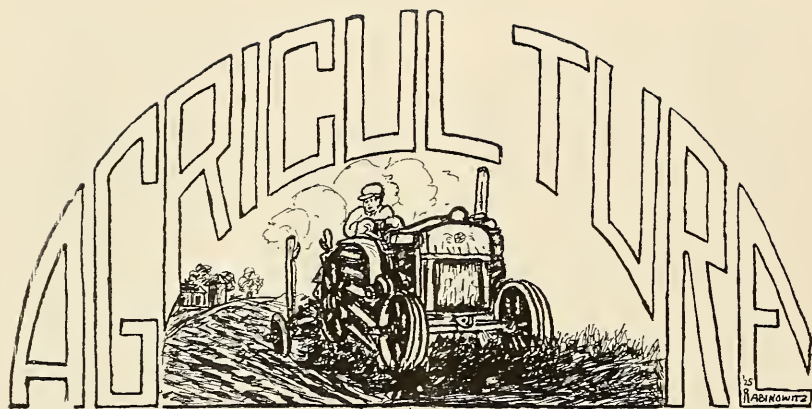
LOUIS RUMMEL, c-o Fred Timke, Castle-
ton, N. Y.

LOUIS SANTORIA, 4543 La Page St., St.
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MICHAEL SHEER, Morton Grove, Ill.

WM. B. TAYLOR, Kent Co. Farm Bureau,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

EVERETT WILSON, R. F. D. 3, Elverson,
Pa.



EDWIN L. MAYER, '28

WITH the passing away of the school's Founder new leadership was sought. The flaming zeal which inspired Dr. Krauskopf seemed to have crept into the hearts of a thousand men. The school stopped for a moment to pay homage to its Founder, and then, like an irresistible force, swept onward.

Improvement followed improvement, and gradually we began to spread. New farms followed new farms. A library, a new dormitory, and a dairy plant were added to the ever-growing Farm School.

Today we may stop a moment and realize the revolutionary change that has swept over us since that fateful day of our beloved Founder's death. Not only have we progressed in material things, but gradually we have come to understand and appreciate the true purpose of Farm School and all it means to us.

But in our survey of improved conditions, and further possibilities in the wide scope of our school, let us stop a moment and give credit where credit is due.

In behalf of the Student Body, the Agriculture Department takes this opportunity to thank the men who have been personally responsible for the improvements shown in the past few years.

Regardless of how much zeal and work anyone may put into the N. F. S. Mr. A. Erlanger not only backed the school morally but donated liberally to its upkeep. Mr. Allman, President of the school, deserves much more credit than I can possibly give to him. Together with Mr. Grant Wright, Mr. Harry Hirsh and the entire Board, all have taken upon themselves to see to it that Farm School progresses smoothly. They have acted unselfishly with one idea in mind—to further the dreams of the Founder.

So many people and groups of people are interested in us that we can find no words to express our appreciation for their efforts in our behalf. Some day, as alumni, we hope to show what our Alma Mater really meant to us.

E. L. M., '28.

Spring Tra-La

EDWIN L. MAYER '28

"BLUE skies—smiling at me," lightly humming this tune I stepped off the train, returning after a lengthy vacation. After exchanging greetings I hurried out to see if the school had changed any during my absence. Stepping out on the campus I laughed as I saw the entire Landscape squad busy manicuring the lawns. Hailing Brick and Green who had stopped under a "convenient" shade tree, I asked them for all the news.

"Marks are out, meals are rotten, finals over, and I probably flunked them all, and the grass is growing too fast for comfort," said Green in a tired voice.

"Is that all?"

Brick smiled a second, "O no—along the state road we have planted sugar maples and hedge and we have built a lot of new cold frames which now contain rooted cuttings, not to mention that our nursery has been improved to the tune of about five hundred dollars."

I sauntered past the library and encountered Mr. Schneider in a deep argument with Hurwitz—"the underlying principle causing this phenomenal re-action—" I hurried past, never liked bee-keeping anyway.

A pleasant thrill went through me as I entered the greenhouse. Everything spic and span as it usually is, and just as hot. Stony and Harry took great pains to inform me that everything was O. K. Sweet peas too thick to cut, carnations fine, and snaps getting the rust.

Seeing Mr. Purmell, I hurried out to find out what the Horticulture had been doing. "Well, we have set out a new strawberry patch, a new asparagus bed, and a lot of vegetables. Just come over

and see the boys cut rhubarb. Honest—it grows so fast I have to keep a squad cutting all the time." As we turned the corner of the bridge we came in sight of the patch, that's all we saw, the patch.

"Where are they?" angrily cried Mr. Purmell. "I don't know, but there is a terrible noise under that apple tree, suppose we go over and see."

We did. Under the shade of the old apple tree, snoring loud enough to wake the dead were Weiss and Fox, using two freshmen for pillows. Laughing I hurried on toward No. 5, and giving a backward glance I was quite surprised to see the rhubarb flying in all directions as though dynamite had been placed under each stalk.

The warm wind, the blue skies above, the teams working in the fields all exhilarated me as I wended my way through the woods to Nanie's and Joe's farm.

"Whoa." Namen stopped the team. "Well," he said in answer to my query, "every thing is O. K. down here, and we're just about ready to plant corn."

Spying Dickie and Yank coming in from No. 4 I hurried out to see what the trouble was. "Nothing," said Yank, "we're a little ahead with our work, so we quit on time for once."

We walked into Lasker Hall, and seeing Rosy, the Banker of No. 6, I asked for news. "Well, we have a new McCormick-Deering 15-30 tractor, which Andy is plowing with just now, and we haven't lost any more horses."

"What's all this?" piped Joe Miller, "about Dave's hatch? 80 per cent it was and that's the best we ever got from the Hall machine. The rest of the poultry

(Continued on page 23)



SPORTS



HAVING trimmed Sellersville High School by an overwhelming score in the final basketball game of a rather successful season, our versatile coach called his athletics to the diamond where, after hard and constant practice, he has rounded into shape a nine which bids fair to be one of the best in the history of the school.

The veterans of last year's team, Captain "Stud" Elliot, Lynch, Brick, Stonitsch, and Weshner, are all showing splendid form, while Yankowitz, Brooks, Hoguet, Stuhlman, Broadbent, Rosen, Abelson, Wattman, Chait and Trichon are playing their first year of varsity ball and are doing well.

In a practice game with Doylestown, Coach Samuels' boys showed first signs of a successful working combination by handing the uptowners an 8 to 6 lacing. Watch the Smoke!

TENNIS

Chosen by the student body to manage the tennis courts, George Ovsanikow, '28, with the aid of the freshmen class, has prepared the grounds and nets so that they are in fine shape for anyone wishing to play the popular "after supper" Farm School sport. Keep practicing fellows, and keep in mind the Green and Gold Meet.

ONE ON THE CHIN, KID!

C'mon you red-head, sock him one on de button! Oh! what fighting farmers the Freshmen turned out to be! In the second annual inter-class boxing tournament of Farm School, the Juniors out-pointed the yearlings by winning four, losing one and tying one of six bouts on the card.



The contests were all three rounds and took place in our gym. The bouts in order were:

1. Lampert (Jr.) vs. "Carrots" Smith (Fr.), 115 lbs. Lampert won decision.
2. Snyder (Jr.) vs. Meltzer (Fr.), 115 lbs. Draw.
3. "Smiles" Silver (Jr.) vs. Swernofsky (Fr.), 125 lbs. Silver won decision.
4. Koltnow (Jr.) vs. Sulkowitz (Fr.) 135 lbs. Sulkowitz won decision.
5. "Legs" Catherwood (Jr.) vs. Brodsky (Fr.), 145 lbs. "Legs" won on technical knockout.
6. Glazer (Jr.) vs. Hartenbaum (Fr.) 165 lbs. Glazer won decision.

Coach Samuels, who happens to be the instigator of the first boxing tournament, acted as referee, while three visitors judged the bouts. They were Mr. Walker, Mr. Camer, and Mr. Homer. "Yulke" Mayer, '28, announced the bouts.

FARM SCHOOL SWAMPS HATBORO HIGH

Running wild in our opening encounter at Hathoro our snappy nine started on a hitting rampage and completely smothered their High School opponents beneath a 14 to 2 score. Lynch, Brick and "Stony" each sent the pill for a two-base hit. Weshner and Brick played their steady fine game in the infield. Line-up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E	Hathoro High	R	H	E
Stonitsch, l. f.	2	1	0	Canel, p.	0	0	1
Weshner, s. s.	3	3	0	Carver, 3 b.	0	1	1
Lynch, p.	2	2	0	Beaner, l. f.	0	0	0
Hoguet, c. f.	1	2	1	Basset, 2 b.	0	1	0
Elliot, r. f.	2	1	0	Cahall, c. f.	1	0	1
Broadbent, 1 b.	1	1	2	Slack, r. f.	1	0	0
Stuhlman, 3 b.	1	2	0	Gauberg, 1 b.	0	0	1
Brick, 2 b.	1	2	0	Bryan, c.	0	0	1
Yankowitz, c.	1	1	1	Roberts, s. s. . . .	0	0	0
Total.	14	15	4		2	2	5
National Farm School.	2	8	0	1	0	3	0—14
Hathoro High School.	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

OH, WHAT A LACING!

Farm School opened their first home-scheduled game with a clean-cut victory over Williamson Trade School, handing them the small end of a 9 to 2 score.

Although the weather was cold and unsuitable for baseball, it didn't hinder our mound artist, Joe Lynch, as he used his trusty right arm to splendid advantage by striking out thirteen Williamson batters and allowing only one hit the entire nine innings.

The visitors' pitcher, Lewis, aided our men in getting eight of their runs in the first two innings, due to his wildness.

Yankowitz, playing his first year of varsity baseball, showed up well behind the bat, while "Stony" thrilled the spectators with two beautiful shoe-string

catches in the out-field. Line-up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E	W. T. S.	R	H	E
Stonitsch, l. f.	2	0	0	A. Bowman, 3 b.	0	0	1
Weshner, s. s.	2	1	1	Boyd, 1 b.	1	1	0
Lynch, p.	2	2	0	Patterson, l. f.	1	0	0
Hoguet, c. f.	3	2		Howell, c. f.	0	0	0
Elliot, r. f.	0	1	0	Thomas, r. f.	0	0	0
Broadbent, 1 b.	0	2	0	F. Bowman, c.	0	0	0
Stuhlman, 3 b.	0	0	0	Wourell, 2 b.	0	0	0
Brick, 2 b.	1	1	0	Haig, s. s.	0	0	1
Yankowitz, c.	0	0	1	Lewis, p.	0	0	0
Brooks, r. f.	0	0	0	*Webster,	0	0	0

Total. 9 10 4 Total. 2 1 2

*Batted for Wourell in ninth.

Umpire—Wodlock.

Williamson Trade	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—2
Farm School.	3	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	x—9

FARM SCHOOL WINS ANOTHER

Going stronger and looking better with each consecutive game our boys cleaned up their fourth victory when they sent Lansdale home for the small end of a 7 to 2 score.

Joe Lynch, our star right-hander, set his record for the season thus far by fanning 15 Lansdale batters during the game.

Stonitsch, Yankowitz, and Brooks, helped to mount the score, each one clouting out a triple.

Line-up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E	Lansdale	R	H	E
Stonitsch, l. f.	2	1	0	R. Schulz, c. f.	0	0	0
Weshner, s. s.	0	2	1	Leach, p.	1	1	0
Brooks, s. s.	0	0	0	P. Schultz, s. s. . . .	0	1	2
Lynch, p.	0	1	1	Meyers, 1 b.	0	1	1
Hoguet, c. f.	1	0	0	Shull, r. f.	0	0	0
Elliot, 1 b.	0	0	0	Clayton, c.	0	0	1
Broadbent, r. f. . . .	0	0	0	Mitchell, l. f.	1	0	0
Stuhlman, 3 b. . . .	0	1	1	O'Donnel, 2 b.	0	0	1
Brick, 2 b.	1	0	0	Jenning, 3 b.	0	0	0
Yankowitz, c.	2	1	3				

Totals. 7 6 6 Totals. 2 3 5

Umpire—Campbell.

Lansdale High School.	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—2
Farm School.	1	3	0	0	0	1	1	x—7



N. F. S. TAKES FIFTH STRAIGHT

Continuing its winning streak, the Green and Gold nine walked all over N. J. I. D. in a slow game, making it the fifth win of the season.



Lynch and Elliot pulled off a neat double play when the former caught a pop fly and threw to

Elliot to catch the man running to second.

Hoguet relieved Lynch in the sixth and pitched fine ball the rest of the game. The Line-up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E	N. J. I. D.	R	H	E
Stonitsch, l. f.	1	1	0	Capasso, l. b.	0	1	0
Brooks, s. s.	1	0	0	Renner, l. f.	0	0	0
Lynch, p.	3	0	0	Schmitt, s. s.-p.	0	0	0
Weshner, r. f.	0	0	0	Abrems, l. f.	1	1	0
Hoguet, p.	2	2	0	Kennedy, r. f.	0	0	0
Elliot, l. b.	1	0	1	Osmola, c.	0	0	3
Abelson, c. f.	0	0	0	Cerame, 2 b.	0	0	0
Broadbent, r. f.	1	1	0	Gerraz, 3 b.	0	0	2
Stuhlman, 3 b.	1	0	0	Habeman, p.	0	0	1
Brick, 2 b.	1	1	0				
Yankowitz, c.	1	0	1				

Totals.....12 5 2

Umpire—Campbell.

N. J. I. D.....0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1

N. F. S.....2 5 1 1 0 3 x—12

BROWN PREP. NOSED OUT BY AGGIES

Brown Prep. seemed to have the game up until the seventh inning when Farm School's hitters started to do their stuff, and scored enough runs to win the game, making it our sixth straight win.



The game was the closest contest of the season and although Glockner, Prep's pitcher, played a fine game, he couldn't out-pitch our trusty mound artist, Joe Lynch.

Elliot, Hoguet, and Lynch, each hitting a two-bagger and Brick's triple helped bring in the runs. Brooks played a snappy game at short. Line-up:

N. F. S.	R	H	E	Brown Prep.	R	H	E
Stonitsch, l. f.	0	0	0	Palease, 2 b.	1	1	0
Brooks, s. s.	0	0	0	Marshall, l. b.	0	1	0
Lynch, p.	1	2	1	Harrington, c. f.	1	0	0
Hoguet, c. f.	0	3	1	Helms, s. s.	0	0	0
Elliot, l. b.	1	2	0	Glockner, p.	0	0	1
Broadbent, r. f.	1	2	0	George, r. f.	0	0	0
Stuhlman, 3 b.	0	0	0	Elgart, l. f.	0	1	0
Weshner, 3 b.	1	1	0	Roberts, 3 b.	1	1	0
Brick, 2 b.	0	1	1	Semet, c.	0	1	1
Yankowitz, c.	0	0	6				

Totals.....4 11 9

Total.....3 5 2

Umpire—Campbell.

Brown Prep.....1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 4—3

Farm School.....0 0 0 0 0 0 1 3 x—4

RAIN ROBS N. F. S. OF A SURE WIN

With the score in our favor at the end of the third inning in the game with Taylor School, old man Fluvius spoiled what would have been a sure victory by wetting the campus and making the weather unsuitable to continue the game. In the few innings played the "Aggies" found the pill with ease and were hitting the ball all over the lot.



HAIL THE CHAMPS!

The first-floor team after an exciting final game with the second floor of Ullman Hall, won the inter-dormitory championship.

The third floor, Lasker, Segal, and Penn Halls had been eliminated from the tournament earlier in the season, and as a reward the first floor received a beautiful green and gold banner, a token of their victory.

The banner is on display on the first floor club-room.



INTER-DORMITORY BASEBALL LEAGUE

The league is in full sway now and the floors are turning out some surprisingly good teams.



In the first league game the first floor nosed out the second floor in a fast game. The second game between the third and

first floors of Ullman Hall, was one of the most exciting ever seen on a Farm School diamond. It was a nip-and-tuck battle from start to finish; with the score tied in the final inning, Essrig, of the third floor, drove out a "Texas leaguer", bringing in Chait with the winning run.

THANK YOU, CONNIE MACK

On May 3, the baseball team of Farm School received an invitation from Connie Mack to witness an American League ball game between the Athletics and the Boston Red Sox. You can be sure our boys accepted and were there rooting for the A's which, of course, aided the Athletics in beating their "Bean City" opponents.

BRR, BRR, BRR!

Gee, it's cold! Gathering up some Ice-land courage a number of the students visited the swimming pond at Farm No. 3; one or two dives convinced them of the exact temperature of the water. They put away their bathing suits and have decided to wait until the real warm weather comes around.

When summer does come around try to keep Farm School's aquatic experts away.

AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 19)

is all right. Hey, Dornbusch! tell Yolke about No. 3 since 'Fats' Berick is sick." It seems that since Berick developed appendicitis (you know it was quite the style for a while)—No. 3 has been struggling along the same as ever.

Off in one corner I could hear Cowboy arguing. "Why don't you send me some cans? How do you expect me to send milk if I don't have anything to put it into?" Reds, backed by Rube, came back with, "Say, one can ought to last you a week. Why those cows don't give anything that goes in cans and you know it." Cowboy got angry. "Say those—"

"Last call—Last call."

Going upstairs I ran into Johnny and Lynch.

Nothing the matter with No. 7, is there, Joe?" "No," said Joe, winking at me, "with the main barn's machinery and men. Your place is all right. It seems that all we do is help other farms and you sit back at the end of the year and see what we did."

Noise — more noise — crash — Henry drops a plate of meat—picks it up and leaves. Silence, and then the scraping of chairs, as every one leaves.

It seems that every farm is up with its work. The sun is still shining and Mr. Kraft still says, "Are you happy?"

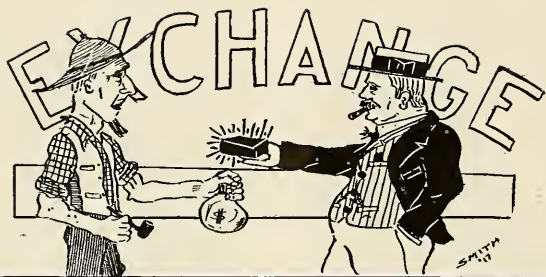
SUBTITLE SENTIMENT

Zaroe—"Honey, why is it that the skies are blue when I'm with you?"

Laurette (rapturously)—"Yes!"

Zaroe—"Dearest, why does the sun always shine from his heaven crypt seat of azure loveliness when you're with me?"

Laurette (breathlessly)—"Yes, Yes! Go on!"



S. HARVEY MALTZ, '28

IN LOOKING for a new and entirely interesting manner of presenting exchanges, the editor of this department communicated with many friends and colleagues interested in the *GLEANER* for a set of original ideas to complete the next department of our magazine.

Not many persons realize the vast amount of labor and time expended on just one little department of a magazine, before its completion, even though it be only a page or two in length. And, to be successful in his work, and to present the department in a novel and interesting manner, twenty persons were approached, the editor, hoping that even a fish, if caught in the act of thinking, would sometimes shed a scale and allow an idea to escape. The best and most useful (that of the "radio method of presentation") originated by a chance remark, a slim word caught in the whirling and unceasing torrent of sound. Herewith we present another issue of the *School World*.

In many cases the names of the papers have been omitted because of the difficulty of presenting them, with their stations. I have attempted to comment, favorably and otherwise, on the numerous exchanges received during the past month from our friends and critics from all

parts of the country. If, in the performance of my duty, I have slighted any publication, my only excuse can spring from this fact.

This closes our last exchange with the *School World* until the Fall semester. Meanwhile, it is only in my power to wish all a successful summer vacation, and with the opening of the new semester an undaunted courage and determination to bring into existence another fine grade of issues with the same high calibre and literary talent prevalent in our high schools.

The *GLEANER* staff and I thank you all for your fine co-operation and criticism and assure you that your optimism and steady labor, which alone can create a successful magazine, has been communicated to us as an example of unprecedented friendliness. We can learn by communication. Our ideas are yours, and our best wishes go with you.

Station "WGL", the National Farm School station, broadcasting. S. H. M. announcing.

The South Side High School, through its Newark station "WOPT", presents the following poems which smack of a romantic Adonis playing a modern game of cards. Our only criticism is this, a

girl would be disappointed in its conclusion.

If I might hold that hand again
Clasped lovingly in mine,
I'd little care what others sought
That hand I held long syne!

That hand! Oh, it was sweet and neat!
Neat? Ne'er was so neat a thing.
Oh me! I'll hold it ne'er again—
Ace, ten, jack, queen, and king.

“WCLI”, Phila., Pa.

Speaking about the *Cliveden*, where the “Thumbs down” moan originates, we, Station “WGL”, of the *GLEANER*, National Farm School, Pa., announce to you that your “Laughs” and truly inspiring story, “Number Fifteen Paradise Alley,” the latter, especially, is deserving mention as one of the best articles and jokes we have yet received this month.

The editor just turned the dial on his radio set and lo! loud and clear was heard Station “WIND”, of the Haverford School, Haverford, Pa. A number of their magazines happen to lie before me, and judging from their cuts and contents, the Haverford School, certainly, has a right to be proud of their work. However, “WIND” should broadcast its editorials at the beginning of their magazine, not because of the vogue, but because we usually feel fine before we thoroughly digest its contents and first impressions are likely to remain.

“WGRY”

The *Gryphon* station is now on the air. This Wonderful program comes directly from them. No one who reads the *Gryphon* can be disappointed. High class talent, humor, and their distinctive manner of presenting their advertisements, all combine to construct one of

our best exchanges. We never tire of their programs.

A New York station, new to us, now thrusts itself on our notice. Just a twist of the dials and “WJEF”, the Thomas Jefferson High School, broadcasts.

“WJEF”—Your cover is fine and we have nothing but praise for your “Character Sketches of Men and Women.”

A low whine issues from the set. It couldn't be static. Wow! It's the *Tiger Cub*, from Princeton Prep. I lost their call number, but I have something just as fine—their magazine. If, in the course of your rambles, you chance upon the Washington number of the *Cub*, read the “Sinking of the Soudan.” It's worth while. We also heard from their ancient rival, Peddie School. Sorry Peddie lost to Princeton in the swimming contest. Awful! It is a close race between them for superiority of magazines. Princeton needs more humor, and Peddie a better manner in presenting its sport results.

“WARC” Northeast High School has not been on the air often. Their last issue was good, but since we have made a comment on it before, another is unnecessary. We await your next issue with great pleasure. Can you send it soon?

Station KLEN, Glen-Nor High School, is another new one. The poems are fine but too lengthy to reproduce here. However, a few jokes would not be amiss.

Man—“Two eggs, poached medium soft; buttered toast, not too hard; coffee, not too much cream in it.”

Waiter—“Yes sir; would you like any special design on the dishes?”

“Check your baggage, Mister?”

“No she's coming with me.”

An *Echo* comes from Jackman, Maine. The Jackman High School station, "WJAC", sends us a long distance call, with the snappiest little magazine of our northern district. Your exchanges are broadcast in a particularly fine and interesting manner. We especially noted your Poet's Corner.

The *Nichols News*, Buffalo, N. Y., is our next station. Their paper is fine and indicates a proper school spirit. Their motto is "Opportunity, Loyalty and Service."

The Mt. Airy School (P. I. D.) has no radio station. However, we must mention them. Their persistency and friendliness deserves nothing less.

Did you ever hear of a paper called *The Arsenal Cannon*? If not, go to the library and read its "Smile and Smiles". It's alive with humor.

Station "WGL", the National Farm School, in Pennsylvania, broadcasting. We have communicated with the Boston English High School, "WREC" and publish our comments. Every issue you have sent to us, has been found to be a model for publications. We liked your presentations and find your editorial on "College Board Exams." a true statement and a fact hitherto not recognized by many students. Let us communicate with you often. How did you find our magazine?

From Collingswood, N. J., the Collingswood High School created their first nonsense program. It was clever. And as already stated,

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

We have, in our School World, two new military exchanges. They are *The Marks-*

man, Clason Military Academy, Long Island, N. Y., and the New York Military Academy's magazine, the *Cadet*. This latter paper is purely literary. We can impartially state that the *Cadet* is the best magazine containing stories that anyone can read. Send us another issue within a short time. The former magazine is "on the air" with good programs. The March cover was a hit!

The Rochester station through "WHAM", broadcast a fine poem, appearing in the *Right Angle*, Rochester, Shop School. As before, the unknown H. C. F. is the author. It is too lengthy to copy here, yet we must mention "The New and the Old", as an unusually talented piece.

"WSP", Warren Harding High School, Bridgeport, Conn., says,

"It's the kindergarten teacher that makes the little things count."

And what can we answer? We refer them to Milt Gross. Our approbation leaves room for no argument.

We now complete our monthly program. This is station "WGL" owned by the GLEANER, National Farm School, in Pennsylvania, and operated through the Exchange department. This is S. H. M. announcing. We now bid adieu to the School World in preparation for a "greater magazine season" in the Fall. Thank you.

New Boy—"Shall I take this rug out and shake it?"

Stude—"That ain't no rug. It's my roommate's towel."

Clothes might make the man, but durned if the new pair of harness made Eggs and Abbie any more proficient.

CAMPUS NEWS

ALBERT ABELSON, '28

HARRY WEISSMAN, '29

SINCE the very year of its founding our campus has grown; from a mere bit of arable land it has grown to our present status of twelve hundred acres.

Dr. Krauskopf noticed and deplored the fact that so many Jews emigrating to America, relinquished their hold on the plow and unwillingly took to city occupations through absolute necessity. Then he dreamed a wonderful dream. He saw an institution where hundreds—nay thousands—of acres of soil were reclaiming the Jews; he saw fields of clover with men of his own race striving to accept what God was offering. He saw—and accomplished.

From our one hundred and twenty-two acres, and school buildings worth forty thousand dollars, we have rapidly progressed. Farm No. 1 donated by Mr. Schoenfeld in 1904 and his later donations of Farms II and III, gave us our policy of expansion.

Since then we have acquired more and more land and buildings until now we may gaze with pride and admiration at

our Ulman Hall, our Library, our Farms, our Campus. 'Tis a campus grown, our home.

Farm School has grown not only physically, but also sociably and athletically. This, added to the naturally scheduled life of the students, helps bind them into a close fraternity of spirit and feeling, making for further progress to our present N. F. S. spirit.

The first publication of the GLEANER in 1900, was closely followed by the organization of the Literary and Athletic Clubs. From then on the students have furnished their own recreations and expressed in their social and scholastic organizations, their ability and will to maintain, and even advance, the morale of Farm School.

Farm School has gone on and will go on. Through the materialization of Dr. Krauskopf's vision we have received much, but our ever-increasing expansion needs more and we will get more.

H. W., '29.



Cletus L. Goodling, Director

On April 15, Mr. Goodling was appointed to the position of Director of The National Farm School. On accepting this position Mr. Goodling ended his twenty-year association with Pennsylvania State College.

Mr. Goodling is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Loganville, York County. He graduated from Pennsylvania State College in 1907, and then spent two years as an instructor in dairy husbandry. He received his master's degree in 1910, and that same year became College Farm Superintendent. In this capacity he served seventeen years. During his régime the college farms were increased from 400 acres to more than 2000 acres, 1600 of which are cultivated at the present time. In the 17 years under Mr. Goodling's management the average crop production increased about 35 per cent.

Thus Mr. Goodling comes to us with an enviable record.

In a recent interview with the new Director we were afforded an excellent opportunity to justify our faith in him. As to the school, Mr. Goodling expressed his firm belief by saying "I would not have severed 20 years of happy connections to come to Farm School if I did not have implicit faith in its mission and convictions of its possibilities."

Before attempting any immediate program of expansion, Mr. Goodling intends developing that which we already have. Improvement of the dairy herd, more thorough instruction in practical farm work, increased facilities in Veterinary Science and horsemanship, an improved curriculum and a better co-operative spirit within the school, are some of the things Mr. Goodling plans.

To say that we pledge our co-operation is unnecessary, for Mr. Goodling has already endeared himself to the Student Body by his interest in our everyday individual problems. May his stay at Farm School as Director be both long and fruitful!

C. P. G.

Campus Chatter

Today is Farm School's 30th anniversary. At 30 years of age are we growing bald or is the crop of hair at each February cutting abundant?

In one year we have increased from two to seven in number of organizations; of these, five are clubs devoted to the various departments. This shows that scientific education may be successfully taught without the rule and the book.

* * * * *

The Student Body extend their best wishes for speedy recovery, to Turansky, Lipson, Berick, Berman, Lahrer, Kerl, Abrams, and Rubenstein.

Take it easy, boys, and come back well and strong.

* * * * *

THE A. A. ROOM REPORTS INCREASED INCOME. WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO ATTRIBUTE THIS TO BEN'S SALESMANSHIP OR TO THE MEALS.

THE WISE MAY JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.

* * * * *

We have been recently visited by Mr. and Mrs. Beer, of New Orleans, La. Mr. Beer has long been a member of the Board, and was gratified after completing his cross-continental trip to find Farm School so greatly improved.

* * * * *

Max King Steinberg will shortly receive his diploma and degrees S. O. S., F. O. B., B. V. D., B. K. from the Jewish Hospital. For those of you who do not know King, he is the dark sinister gentleman who has spent the last two years at the nurses' training school, supplemented by periodical week-ends at Farm School.

* * * * *

DUE TO THE IMMENSE POPULARITY OF THE PRESENT GREAT AMERICAN SPORT, "ASK ME ANOTHER", THE GLEANER HAS FINALLY SUCCUMBED AND WE SHALL PRINT IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE A QUESTIONNAIRE, ON THINGS EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL YOU.

LOOK FOR IT AND LEARN.

* * * * *

In the past month the Senate has been unusually active. We are now blessed with daylight saving for the first time. The Campus is no longer dark at night as are lights aid those traveling about in the wee small hours.

* * * * *

Mr. Goodling has procured from the Board financial encouragement for the publication of much-needed rule books. At present there are many who plead ignorance to the Faculty and Senate rules; however, with the forthcoming publication of these pamphlets there should be no question as to the understanding of the school laws. This shall do much to lessen the labors of the Senate.

* * * * *

WE ARE PLEASED TO NOTE THE REVIVED INTEREST OF THE LADIES' BOARD IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE SCHOOL. MRS. KRAUSKOPF, WHO IS CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD, IN COMPANY WITH OTHER LADIES, FREQUENTLY VISIT US AND ARE DOING MUCH TO FURTHER INTEREST IN OUR ACTIVITIES.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Within a short time members of '28 will be busily working for the class. The money realized from our labor will constitute the bulk of our income for the publishing of our "Year Book".

Senior shirts and ways and means of raising additional money are the chief topics of interest at present.

Socially the class has brought forth several "lions among ladies" and their enthusiasm was quite evident at the Senior May Hop.

Greenbaum and Berick have joined the lengthy list of Senior Patrons at the Jewish Hospital. Despite the hospital, however, they report rapid recovery.

Carl P. Green resigned as Vice-President of the Class; he also relinquished his seat on the Student Council. "Andy" Blumer was elected to fill both the Council seat and Green's unexpired term.

Dues, as usual, are conspicuous by their absence.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Our class came out on top at the Freshmen-Junior Boxing Tournament, and as all great men would say after winning a battle, "We hope you don't feel hurt."

The class, as a whole, has been doing good work in all studies. In a short time our recitations will be over; so fellows, do your best so as to have nothing on your minds during the summer months.

Goodstein reports an avalanche of dues regularly. Those of you who *are* behind try and pay up in full, in preparation for "The Junior Prom."

H. B. TRICHON, '29.

Mr. Wing—"Where are you going with that cow?"

Huff—"To the bank."

Mr. Wing—"What are you taking the cow to the bank for?"

Reds—"To have her milk certified."

FRESHMEN CLASS NOTES

Our first class meeting was held in the smoking-room of Lasker Hall. We had a "hot time in Farm School" that night. At a later date the Senate appointed the following officers to guide us through our first three months of class activities:

President—Barkan

Vice-President—Gysling

Secretary—Spiegler

Treasurer—Markman

We were unfortunate, however, to lose in Barkan a man who had been very instrumental in establishing the '30 Class. We wish Joe the best success in the world. Gysling has succeeded him as president.

We received a setback in the Freshman-Junior Boxing Tournament, but we'll turn the trick on them in baseball, football and basketball. We're out to win and we will win.

The Freshmen Reception dance proved a big success and gave us all a good time. The presentation of our "Follies" the day after the dance got the big hand too. We are represented on the Varsity Baseball squad by Broadbent, and quite a few of our men have joined the orchestra. You'll hear more of us during the year.

GYSLING.

OUR MATRON

Mrs. Rose Bergman comes to us from Kansas City, Mo. Although born in eastern Pennsylvania, Mrs. Bergman has spent most of her years in the West.

Already are we enjoying the benefits of her untiring efforts. She realizes that in order to work properly, growing boys must be comfortable, happy, and, above all, well fed; to accomplish these ends is her aim.

We feel sure that co-operation on the part of the Student Body will be most enthusiastic, and in time we will, no doubt, see our matron's ambitions fulfilled.

THE SENATE

Like a busy hive the Senate has been working industriously on new ways and means of ameliorating matters for the Student Body. Most problems presented to the Senate have been promptly investigated and when necessary, remedied.

It is very creditable to the Student Body that few students have appeared before us in cases of discipline or violation of Faculty regulations.

At present, we are trying to secure for the students a single detail system and the privilege of having every other week-end off. Whether or not we succeed rests not only with the Faculty, but also largely with the students themselves.

We take the past co-operation of the Student Body as an assurance of future harmony. Don't forget! The Senate is the instrument of the Student Body.

BEN GORADETZKY, '28.

 DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On March 30th the Dramatic Society was organized under the auspices of the Student Council. Mr. C. P. Green outlined the purpose and general program of the club as a new student activity and insured the interest of its members by immediately submitting plans for various entertainments. The following officers were elected.

President—Leon Rosenzweig

Vice-President—Frank Stonitsch

Business Manager—Joseph Kovarik

Librarian—Martin Greenberg

Director—Carl P. Green

The first activity of the Dramatic Society will be the presentation of a number of one-act plays to be announced shortly.

All students interested in dramatics are cordially invited to our meetings.

M. GREENBERG, '28.

COUNCIL

The Freshmen Reception Dance marked the opening of the social activities of the Council. Those students who attended the dance know what a success it turned out to be. A goodly number of girls were present, not to mention the flock of Alumni who honored us with their presence. It was a good start, but that is not enough; we improve with age.

Did the girls enjoy themselves? Don't ask. Everyone there had a great time, dancing to the fire-hot strains of the Green and Gold Orchestra. The next day the Freshman Class held their Freshmen Follies. Did that go over big?—I'll say!

Besides these monthly dances, the Council has planned a series of entertainments and social affairs.

Congratulations—what is it, a boy? Yes, in a way. Our friend, Andy Blumer, has been taken under our wing. He is now official decorator and he does his work as if he were a born artist.

If the Student Body co-operates wholeheartedly with the Council in everything it undertakes, we may be sure of social success this year.

BENJAMIN F. GORADETZKY, '28,

Secretary.

 JOE MILLER BROADCASTS

"I just got three packs of 'English Ovals' from some fellow's sisters, a cigarette holder from 'Miss Norristown', and invitations from three flames in Philadelphia. Boys, they are all wild over me, but maybe I ain't the frigid daddy."

Mr. Plain—"Tuckman, what is your first name?"

Tuckman (awaking with a start from a sleep)—"Not prepared, sir."

About the only bells Skaist will hear is "Last Call".

Staff
Out of Lunch

THE ILLITERATE INDIGESTION

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Weather:
It's Cold But
We'll Make
it Hot For
You

VOL. PLENTY OF HOT AIR

JUEMBER, 2629

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Two Found Dead

Two students who have been identified as freshmen were found with their tongues out and their stomachs in. Their bodies were discovered by Rudolph Marcus, who has since been stricken dumb by the shock. A renowned detective of Reading was immediately called from Norristown to investigate the strange happening.

At the coroner's inquest, Coroner Greenberg, who has handled many dead bodies, declared that the victims succumbed while waiting for last call. No marks of violence were visible. The bodies shall be spread upon the vegetable garden. All are invited to attend the ceremony.



O'SLAVIKOW ELECTED

BATTLE FOR OFFICE

THREE HURT

In the recent reorganization of the dining-room, Slav O'Slavikow, renowned epicure, world-famed food expert, prominent dietitian, former royal taster to all bald heads of Europe, holder of many titles in pie and watermelon eating contests, was elected to the most sought office of the official Dining Room Host.

The election was held last Friday evening. Candidates were chosen by elimination in a free for all, the object of the combat being "Shmopley on toast", a popular dish at N. F. S. After several fatal accidents "Varsity" Slav O'Slavikow and "Bad Breath" O'Cohen were selected the two most popular candidates. In the election several people

were stuck in the eye with forks and other weapons. This served, as an added attraction. On presenting the "Phere Flach" candidate, Past Exalted Ruler Yankowitz outlined the high spots of Slav's career.

In 1812 Slav made himself known when he emerged victor in a hot-dog contest. He won by seven links. Then again at the Penn Relays he defeated "Red" Grange and Helen Wills in a long-distance spaghetti-eating contest, his time being very flat. He also shattered all world records including Gertrude Ederle's and "She's my Baby." O'Cohen was defeated by a breath.

In his inaugural address George Washington "Slav" O'Slavikow, the people's choice, said that he would do his best to improve disorder in the dining room. After heartily expressing their approval, the mob carried out the man in the famous blue sweater to conduct services for the dead in the rock garden.

A good time was had by all and ended with drinking of Listerine. (Good to the last drop.)



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RENOUNCED DIETITIAN
VISITS FRAME COLLEGE

Professor I. M. Empty, noted instructor in Physics and Analytical Chemistry, of Starvation College, Hungry, while addressing the students defined a vitamin as a something given to nothing to produce anything.

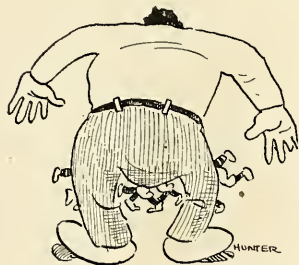
(Continued on page 2, column 2)

THE ILLITERATE INDIGESTION

STATE TROOPERS LEAD FRAME SCHOOL PA-RAID

STUDENTS FOLLOW IN WAKE

The State representatives made their first appearance in the history of the Frame School's traditional handouts. After much arguing they persuaded the students that they were permitted to fire off their blunderbusses. Ice cream and cake were served on toast.



Can you recognize your legs?

Winner will receive three box seats to the honey-dipping contest at No. 6.

See Editor.

ETI KET SAYS

If the way to a man's heart is his stomach, it's a wonder the students don't all die of heart failure??

Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die—t.

Throw the banana peels out the window or you will get the oil.

EXTRA

Spiegler stricken suddenly with severe attack of high blonde pressure.

Mutts extended invitations to lazing good time. Hopes are "you don't feel hurt."



RENOUNCED DIETITIAN VISITS FRAME COLLEGE

(Continued from page 1, column 3)

The professor then proceeded to analyze a meal much to the interest of all present. As to what he found our reporter had not the courage to ask.

JOE KOVARIK CONQUERS CHANNEL

Victor makes hand-over-hand stroke famous over night. On being asked the secret of his success the tired Joe managed to say, "Sarah".

CLASSIFIED ADS

HELP WANTED

Man to disguise beans.

WOMEN—middle-aged, to count cookies on Sunday nights.

FOR SALE

Baby chix, 52 in a pack. Plain Strain.

BERNHARD ELLIOT
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PEDIGREED HOT-DOGS

Each one has a name and a leg band.

PERSONALS

Sheik "Stony" Stonitsch, graduate of Buffalo High and Penn State respectively, also the newly appointed Floriculture department, will gladly entertain all New Britain girls with his line. They bite better on Friday, "Stony."

By the general appearance of affairs, the kitchen intends rivaling our "Rosy" for "bullet-head" honors.

It's wonderful to see how civilized these Tulsa cowboys can be to a fellow, especially when he has a beautiful sister.

FROGGIE FRACTURES ANKLE

Ray Greenbaum dropped a biscuit on his foot and is consequently laid up for a month.

Not even his best friend would tell him. He didn't suspect it himself. Shunned by all he speedily found a solitary seat near the wall. He could not understand it. Then he overheard a conversation about himself. He did not mean to eavesdrop but he could not help listen at the mention of his name. "That man Floeoy is repugnant," he heard.

Then realization dawned upon him and through his little girl he gained enlightenment. She whispered "Daddy, your shirt tail is hanging out at the back."

Don't suffer shame, use Pantex, combination shirt and trousers. No embarrassment.

PANTEX-PAT-N. F. S.



"COCKERELS"

Say, by the way, have you heard the latest? No? Well, the chickens are getting ambitious and laying large eggs. Join us and find out how come!

The Poultry Club is running along nicely. With brooding season at its peak and incubation just over, we have quite a bit to discuss at our meetings. We're planning a trip either to Frenchtown, where we may see a million-dollar incubation plant, the largest of its kind in the world, or to Vineland, the country's largest egg-producing city. We have arranged for several speakers to talk at our meetings.

With these specials on our bill of fare, you may all fall to and dig into the poultry news of the world.

GREENBAUM, '28, *Secretary*.

THE "VETS"

Spring is here and every member is none too sorry. Dr. Massinger has arranged several trips for us and, according to the schedule, we're in for a series of treats in the forthcoming months.

We have been rapidly progressing and each member has been given several books on Veterinary Science. We plan the presentation of motion pictures on veterinary topics for the purpose of instilling in the students some "horse sense." We will also try to place a banner on the first-floor club-room of Ullman Hall. That interest in veterinary science is growing is evidenced in our ever-increasing membership.

President Ruch is very creditably fulfilling the duties of his office and is an ardent worker for the welfare of the society. Becker declares he could handle a little more money if offered to him; he seems agreeable at times.

Watch out for announcements concerning our trips.

H. B. TRICHON, '29, *Secretary*.

HORTICULTURE CLUB

We've been growing steadily during the past few months, and now we can claim the distinction of being the largest club in the school.

Plans are already under way for trips to places of interest, and all we await are the favorable occasions. Our meetings have been made very interesting and educational, thanks to our adviser, Mr. Purmell, who arranged for various speakers to talk to us at these gatherings, on topics of agricultural interest.

When harvest comes, students will have a chance to vie with each other for honors in our combined horticultural and greenhouse shows. These shows will be run along the same lines and general principles as the various county shows, and we feel sure that those who attend will derive much benefit from them.

Through the efforts of the Horticultural Society the Student Body were given an extremely enjoyable talk on insects by Mr. McCloud, Pennsylvania State College Entomologist. He pointed out that the three essentials for successful production were: a guaranteed continuous supply; a good quality production, and an economical production. Then he went on to describe the various "bugs" farmers have to contend with all over the country.

We intend placing our club banner in the first-floor club-room; may other organizations join us.

ALBERT ABELSON,
Acting Secretary.

Howard Hudson to Miller—"If I can't cut you down to my size, I'll change you to my color."

Mr. Plain—"Kaplan, what do we mean by Stud?"

Kaplan (sleepily)—"Oh 'Stud'? He's captain of the baseball team."

ORCHESTRA

The general commotion caused by the entrance of the new class has subsided. We have had a chance to look over the material offered and, fortunately, found several accomplished musicians. Schneider, as you all have heard, "strokes a mean black key" on the piano. Lahrer, another pianist, is at his best on classics. Six or seven new violinists may also be seen floating in aeolian rhapsody during orchestra practice.

In another month the Symphony Orchestra shall be a dream realized. The Student Body will then have a chance to listen to the strains of the great composers at one assembly and the following assembly will find the "Blue-Blowers" with their blatant tones, pounding out the blues.

Bullet Head, the "crying towel" artist on the sax, has been choosing study period during which to blow his steam off. Rosy, what do you think we have Saturday morning off for?

As for the rest of the crew, we heave anchor regularly every Saturday morning at 8 o'clock sharp. Did you ask, are the boys hot?—Well, a bucket brigade is kept busy—What! Oh No! we don't drink it.

ROY STUHLMAN, '29, *Secretary*.

"F" CLUB

The Varsity club regrets the loss of one of the best liked fellows of the school. Stanley Fidelgoltz was a "Varsity" football man and proved himself a valuable player in many a "pinch." We wish him success into whatever branch of industry he may venture. Weshner was elected our new treasurer.

The "F" club has procured caps for its members. With Green and Gold "F" on their heads there should be no trouble in distinguishing "Varsity" men.

We compliment the student body upon

the wise manner in which they are caring for the gym equipment, and we urge that more time be spent in its use. It is also complimentary to Farm School sports and traditions that our alumni take such a keen interest in us, as evidenced by the proposed construction of the new Alumni Athletic Field.

A. H. HOGUET, *Secretary*.

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DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Visitor—"Are those Freshmen over there?"

Rubenstein—"No, that's the Varsity Club."

Ovsanikow: "Etiquette is the noise you don't hear when eating soup."

Weiss: "Although I am a woman hater, I have to hang around them to keep myself mad."

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